KING FEZ

By
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AUTHOR OF

"A MAID OF THE WILDWOOD,"
"THE GENTLEMAN FROM JAY," ETC.

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Place

In the Land of Bohemia.

Characters

Fez.....*King of Bohemia*
Yoko .....*First Counsellor to the King*
Rabmag.....*Successor to Yoko*
Punk ..... *Court Jester*
Crocus ..... *A General*
Cupid .....*God of Love*
Priest .....
Tuberose .....*Queen of Bohemia*
Beota..... } { *Royal Maids in Waiting*
Zenora..... } { *Upon the Queen*

(Fairies, Soldiers, Citizens and Others.)

King Fez

Act 1

SCENE IN THE KING'S PALACE.

(*King Fez on his throne, surrounded by fairies, to either side of him Cupid and Punk.*)

Opening Chorus Sunbeams kiss the morning dews,
Spreading broadcast rainbow hues,
Mermaids wash naughty wrinkles
From the maids they daily sprinkle
With the nectar of the flowers
As they lie in shady bowers;
Old Sol shows their graces
As through the sky he races,
Winking, blinking at the mountain peak,
Beckoning to Cupid and his fairies to speak.

Cowslips drink the evening dews,
June-bugs gather courtship news,
Golden stars brightly twinkle,
Tiny blue-bells gently tinkle,
Lovers dance among the flowers,
Peep through fragrant, shady bowers,
Old Luna, he makes faces
As through the sky he races,
Winking, blinking at the mountain peak,
Beckoning to Cupid and his fairies to speak.

KING FEZ E'en the hearts of kings must bleed with sorrow. All the night I see forboding visions that haunt me all the day. My crown is heavy, and at times I wish I was as the lowliest of my people, for I envy them the happiness denied me.

PUNK If your royal highness don't cut out booze you'll be seeing something worse than forboding visions.

KING FEZ Nay, nay, it helps me drown my sorrow.

PUNK That is true, but it is liable to drown you first.

KING FEZ Trouble! trouble! trouble! Work! work! work! That is all there is in this world.

PUNK Aye, you have trouble working your friends.

KING FEZ My affliction is here; (*indicating*) it is of the heart.

PUNK No wonder, when you imagine that every woman you see is in love with you. Your heart is pretty well scattered over the kingdom, and if I were you I'd gather up the pieces and put them together again.

KING FEZ I'm sick, sick for want of love, so sing me a ditty that will ease my aching heart.

PUNK This thing of mixing love and mixing drinks is enough to send any man to the demnition bow-wows.

CUPID (*Sings*)
I am the jaunty king of love
And I defy the world
To show me man, or youth, or maid
Whose love I've ne'er unfurled.
I conquer kings and warriors bold
And all the maids I greet,
I laugh to scorn the hermit's vows
When he a fair maid meets.

CHORUS
Cupid, you are naughty,
Cupid, you are jaunty,
Ever coy, ever sly,
You catch the bold,
You catch the shy;
You catch the maid

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Who won't be crossed,
You catch the man
Who won't be bossed.
You catch them all
Without a miss,
But most times, sir,
'Tis with a kiss.

PUNK (*Sings*) No pretty maid has caught me yet,
And never will, you can bet.
Oh, no, she can't hand me a lemon,
Not when they're three for a dime,
So she can get a bunch of alimony
For some other to have a time.

CUPID (*Sings*) I am the jaunty king of love,
And broken vows I mend;
I drive away angry tears
And proudest hearts do bend.
I conquer fools and wise men, too,
When they the least expect it,
But never have I heard them say,
"Oh Cupid, I regret it."

PUNK (*Sings*) That's only because he never was in court,
Never heard of alimony or temporary support,
Never was married or walked the floor at night,
Singing to the baby until broad day light.

CHORUS Cupid, you are naughty,
Cupid, you are jaunty;
Ever coy, ever sly,
You catch the bold,
You catch the shy,
You catch the maid
Who won't be crossed,
You catch the man
Who won't be bossed;
You catch them all
Without a miss,
But most times, sir,
It ain't all bliss.

(*A bugle call. Enter Yoko.*)

YOKO Heard ye the bugle call. 'Tis another call to quell a riot. The people are upon the verge of rebellion and we must prepare to give them battle.

CUPID Oh! Oh! This is no place for us. (*Exit Cupid and fairies.*)

KING FEZ To arms, you say! Rather say to hell, for you are all traitors, flattering me by day and plotting for my throne at night.

YOKO Nay, King—

KING FEZ Am I a liar?

YOKO I beg of you not to—

KING FEZ Can you not hold your tongue? Is it like a dog's tail that it must wag all the time—pouring out doleful tales and prophesying dire calamity? Evil! Evil! Evil is all that comes from your lips. You have sown discord and it has torn the whole of my people. The only true friend I have is my gold. Gold! Gold! Gold! 'Tis what all men are crying for.

PUNK And gold's friendship shifts with its ownership.

KING FEZ And only gold will allay this rebellious spirit among my people.

PUNK The best way to allay rebellion is to cut off the rebels' heads, and if I am not mistaken Prince Yoko is just aching for you to experiment with his.

KING FEZ I had a dream last night and dreamed that you, Prince Yoko, was the arch traitor.

YOKO Dreams go by contraries, and wisdom never drops from the lips of fools.

PUNK But I have known fools to let the cat out of the bag and spoil a nicely hatched plot.

KING FEZ I must think. I must think.

PUNK Everybody for himself and the devil for us all; and if your royal nibs wants to hold down that soft snap of yours, it's this (*draws his hand across his throat*) for Prince Yoko.

KING FEZ Uneasy is the head that wears a crown.

PUNK Then trade it off for a goat.

KING FEZ Come! Come my dear Punk, for I must think. I must think.

PUNK (*Aside*) If he does it will be the first time in his life.

(*Exit King Fez and Punk.*)

YOKO I have all to gain and naught to lose, for it is as easy for me to be king in name as in fact. Uneasy is his crown, he says; then it is for me to relieve him from this embarrassment. The dotard King has less sense than his fool . King Yoko. That sounds well. Ha! Ha! I'll play the game, wear his crown. The game is as good as won.

(*Enter Zenora*)

ZENORA I thought the King was here.

YOKO He was, but the fool swallowed himself in a fit of anger.

ZENORA Hush, 'tis treason to talk so.

YOKO I'll hush for a kiss.

ZENORA Have a care, sir, you seem to forget yourself.

YOKO When in your presence I forget everything but your beauty, your lovliness. (*He steals a kiss.*)

ZENORA Villain! Were I a man I'd avenge this insult.

YOKO Ho! ho! ho! Sweet lips and a sharp tongue.

ZENORA For shame that you would take advantage of a defenceless woman.

YOKO For days, weeks and months you have spurned my love, laughed at me, ridiculed me, but you shall do it no more. Mark you, some day you will become my wife, either by fair or—

(*Reenter King Fez and Punk.*)

KING FEZ Hold! No threats, and if there is to be any love making, I shall be one of the principal actors. Prince Yoko, leave instantly or off comes your head. (*Exit Yoko.*) Ah, the fairest, fairest maiden that ever lived.

ZENORA Such words are not for me, but for the queen.

PUNK There's another lemon for him.

KING FEZ Then this is for you. (*Steals a kiss from her, also throws his arms about her.*)

ZENORA (*Breaking from him.*) Do you forget that you are a husband and a King? That your kingdom is in danger? Can you not see that it is such actions as these that are sowing rebellion?

KING FEZ Huzzy! I am your King, and by all the gods, you shall obey me. And I have the power to make you mine.

PUNK (*Aside*) Not if your wife knows it.

ZENORA (*Drawing a dagger from her bosom.*) I defy you and your power! This shall be my protection, and before I will be yours I will thrust it into my sorrowing heart before your eyes.

PUNK (*Aside*) That's the way a woman always fights.

KING FEZ Not in all my days have it witnessed such courage! Such beauty! By the saints, I'd give the half of my kingdom to have you for a wife. Promise that some day you will wed me.

ZENORA 'Tis not a time to talk of love. Matters of state need your attention. Pacify your subjects by doing them justice that you may retain your crown.

PUNK (*Aside*) And your head as well.

KING FEZ Ha! ha! You would marry me if I remain king? As I feared, you are as all women—marry for power and wealth.

PUNK Do you blame them?

ZENORA I shall never wed you, for with my hand goes my heart. King Fez, all this talk ill becomes you; you cannot be yourself—it must be some demon working within you.

PUNK (*Aside*) Oh, that's the snakes and striped kangaroos.

KING FEZ Stop! No more. Your goodness has conquered. (*Takes the dagger from her.*) I shall keep this in remembrance of you, for I love you —for the first time I have learned true love.

PUNK I've heard him make that speech a hundred times.

(*Exit Zenora. Enter Yoko.*)

YOKO (*Pointing to Zenora*) A piece of impertinence.

KING FEZ Ha! ha! ha! So she has taken some of the conceit out of you, by throwing your love in your face.

YOKO By the saints, I'll humble her. She'll marry me yet!

KING FEZ Have care! Have care! Attempt to take an unfair advantage of that fair princess and I'll hang you higher than the heavens.

PUNK That's the only way he'll ever get there.

YOKO It looks as though you also have fallen a victim to her pretty face.

KING FEZ Dog! Do not forget who you are addressing.

PUNK A pretty face can make no end of mischief. I can part the best of friends, create a rebellion, or furnish grounds for a divorce.

CRIES WITHOUT Rebellion! Rebellion! Down with the King!

KING FEZ Damn the rebels!

YOKO Damning them won't crush them. (*Exit Yoko.*)

CRIES WITHOUT Down with the King! Hang him! Down with the King!

KING FEZ Give me wine. (*He drinks*) Give me more wine that I may drown my sorrows. 'Tis not enough; give me more. (*Again drinks*) Bring forth the pretty maids, for they and wine go hand in hand, as sauce for meat. (*Enter chorus girls*) Sing me a lively ditty, a song of love, that I may forget my troubles. (*Falls into a drunken stupor.*)

CHORUS In a musty, dusty old cellar,
Where the cob-webs were thick and old,
Dreamed a bawky, gawky old king
With a great big bag of gold.
He lay beside an oaken cask
To suckle of its wine,
But this he found an awful task,
So drank from out a stein.
When he had all that he could hold
He staggered to his feet
And all about the cellar rolled
To snakes and goblins greet.
He pawed the air in awful fright,
Then staggered toward the door;
Shrieked and groaned with all his might,
Then tumbled to the floor.

In a musty, dusty old cellar
  A spider sat spinning its web
Over a crazy, lazy old king,
  Whom the spider had thought was dead.
It stuck a web upon his nose,
  Then drew it 'cross his eyes.
Then danced a jig upon his toes,
  While waiting for some flies.
But first a mouse got in the trap,
  And then a great big bug,
To soon be followed by a rat
  A' toteing a big jug.
Ere long there was an awful fight,
  Which roused the king from stupor,
Who yelled and swore he saw a ghost,
  Then ran like a trooper.

KING FEZ Hold! You will drive me mad! Away! Away with the music, for it is as salt poured into a wound. Give me drink. (*Exit all as he drinks.*) This thirst is damnable. My head! My head! (*Places his hands to his head.*) This bitterness in my mouth. Damn the wine! (*Hurls the goblet to the floor.*)

PUNK Take life easy, old boy, it ain't as bad as it seems.

KING FEZ See! 'Tis a monstrous serpent! Away with it, quick!

PUNK The old boy has the jim-jams again, for he is seeing things.

KING FEZ There are two of them; aye, four, six, eight, a thousand, a million! Save me! Save me! (*Grasps Punk's hand and begins to pick imaginary serpents from his clothing.*)

PUNK I'm glad I'm not drinking the kind of whiskey he drinks; not if the snakes multiply at that rate.

KING FEZ They are crawling all over me. They bite! I am lost! They will kill me. Save me! Save me!

PUNK Gee whiz! That is worse than fighting a fellow's shadow. (*Shakes King Fez.*) You better take the jag cure, or you will be bug house right.

KING FEZ Ye gods! See the monsters! Thousands of them, billions! They are bent upon crushing me. See their loathsome, slimy forms! They

In a lonely, dark by-lane
A quaint set opinning its way
Over a crazy, lopsided stile;
Among the spidery and thoughts was a dwarf,
A dwarf's red nose his nose,
Who drew it from his pocket,
Then dabbed a fig upon his face,
While waiting for some dice.
Just over a mouse, yet in the dark,
And sleep a great big dog,
To soon he followed by a rat
A long-nosed face.
The lady there was an awful sight,
When round the lane [illegible] stupor,
Who called and swore he saw a ghost,
Who ran like a trooper.

Ros. Hold! You will drive me mad! Away! Away with the mad
it is as sad coming into a room. Give me [illegible]
(Exit.) This [illegible] is dangerous. My [illegible]
(Aside to his head.) This bitterness is my mouth.
[illegible] (Throws the goblet to the floor.)

[illegible] Here lies a fool, old boy, it sin't is bad sort scene.

[illegible] Sec! 'Tis a monstrous [illegible]! Away with it, [illegible]

[illegible] The old boy has the fun-[illegible] again, for he is some [illegible]

[illegible] There are two of them, [illegible], six, eight, a thousand [illegible]
Save me! Save me! (Throws [illegible] hand and [illegible]
[illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] clothing.)

[illegible] I'm glad I'm not finding the [illegible] of [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] They are [illegible] all over me. Ding bite! I am [illegible]
[illegible] me. Save me! Save me!

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a fellow's shadow.
[illegible] (Exit.) You better take the [illegible], or you will [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] Go! Go! Go the monster! Thousands of them, [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

crawl over me. They bite me with their fiery fangs! Those forked tongues! Those yawning mouths! Those poisoned fangs! They bite! They bite! I perish! I perish! (*Falls insensible into Punk's arms.*)

PUNK This isn't what I call the simple life! What he needs is a bracer. *(Lays him upon the floor.)* Old boy, you were all right until you went wrong, but you couldn't stand prosperity. It cost a pretty fortune to put that nose on you, but I'll be darned if I'd pay what he did for it. Now if his wife were here, she'd blame me, give me hell, and leak tears like a crocodile.

(Enter the Queen.)

QUEEN Oh! Oh! You have murdered my husband, the King!

PUNK *(Aside.)* I told you so. *(Aloud.)* Not at all, your royal highness. He has simply had a stroke of jagitus, caused by an over-consumption of extra fine booze.

QUEEN Brute! 'Tis you who have brought him to this!

PUNK As I'm in for it, your royal highness, please go right ahead without stopping, for if you don't, I'm liable to lose my nerve before you get through; you see, I'm not married and not used to this kind of thing.

QUEEN Ah, this drink is an awful curse, for it makes a beast of man.

PUNK You're next all right.

QUEEN Yes, drink makes a beast of man, and fills the world with sorrow, orphans and widows. Once he was a loving husband, a true king, but drink has changed all. He has neglected his kingly duties and has placed power in the hands of his venal and vile associates, who by their prodding and robbing of the people have driven them upon the verge of rebellion.

Woe is the day when the first blood is spilt, for it will arouse the savage nature in the people and make of them human tigers.

Oh, my sorrow is more than I can bear! My heart is being rent asunder! *(She weeps.)*

PUNK That's a pretty good speech, your royal highness made. Almost as good as I could make. But if you want him to get well we must shoot something else than curtain lectures into him. If we take him into the next room and shoot a quart of benzine into him he'll either explode or get well. *(Queen lifts the King.)* Well, she's handled

beer barrels before, so I guess we can tote him into his royal bed.

(Exit King Fez, led by Punk and Queen.)

(Enter Cupid, from opposite side of stage, Zenora and Beota.)

BEOTA SINGS That sly little fellow
Who lives in the skies,
With wings of golden yellow
And laughing blue eyes,
Who shoots at the heart
With his dainty little dart,
Hath come to our portals
To smite all mortals.
To ease all bleeding hearts
With his dainty little dart.

(Enter Crocus.)

ZENORA SINGS Pray, dear little man,
Shoot as straight as you can,
Sink your dainty little dart
Deep, deep into the heart.
Lay our love bare
As much as you dare,
And ere you flee to the skies,
Be sure and join love's ties.

CROCUS SINGS I love to bask in winsome smiles
Of maidens with loving eyes,
And see the blushes on their cheeks,
More fair than summer skies.
To hear their gentle words of love,
Then take them in my arms,
Rest their heads upon my breast,
And drink of their charms.

CUPID How gallant of the general. The best I ever heard.

BEOTA Oh, you naughty little fellow.

CUPID I wonder if the Princess Zenora has ever loved.

ZENORA 'Tis none of your affair, little one.

CUPID *(Pointing his arrow at her breast.)* Ho! Ho! Do you not know that I am privileged to say what I wish when it concerns love?

CROCUS I dare you to shoot me with your little dart.

CUPID Dare! I never took a dare in my life. *(Places dart in quiver.)* Pshaw! You are too cross and not worth the pains. *(Starts to leave.)*

BEOTA Ah, dear little Cupid, do not leave us, I pray you; not yet—not in anger.

CUPID Anger! 'Tis a strange word to me. I do not know what you mean. Speak to me of love, then I would understand you.

CROCUS A most fortunate and wise little fellow. *(Enter Queen.)*

QUEEN And who is this dear little man?

CUPID Have you never heard of me, good Queen?

QUEEN No, little one.

CUPID Just as I thought. I am a stranger to all those not in love. I have wasted too much time here now, and must be on my way to smite the hearts of kings and queens as well as rich and poor.

QUEEN Pray tarry, little one, and smite the heart of my lord and King.

CUPID His heart is of stone, and I should injure my reputation as well as my arrow were I to attempt to pierce it.

QUEEN Do not discourage me, little one. I know that you are immortal, and that nothing is impossible for you to do.

CUPID I would if it were for the best, most sweet Queen, but I do not wish to come tomorrow and have my arrow plucked from his heart. You see, 'tis like this: I only shoot the true and steadfast heart, the heart that does not change with the changes of the moon. Adieu, but do not be discouraged, for I will come again, come with a golden arrow, which I will shoot straight into the heart of the King. With this golden arrow his love will be steadfast and true. *(Enter King Fez.)*

KING FEZ *(To Cupid.)* What are you doing here?

QUEEN He is the little god of love, my lord.

KING FEZ 'Tis scolding wives and milkmaids that need him most.

CUPID I find more jewels among the milkmaids than among kings, and as for scolding wives, aye, such as you are made them.

QUEEN Shoot, little one. I pray you, shoot.

CUPID And break my arrow? The King's heart is of marble, a fit tombstone for inconstancy.

KING FEZ A most impudent little fairy, and yet I would drink to his health.

QUEEN *(Sings)* Little Cupid, king of love,
Be not a stranger, we pray;
Come from thy throne above
And laugh all sorrow away.
Smile upon the King and me,
Pierce our hearts with love,
Keep the tears from our eyes,
Chase away all our sighs.

CUPID *(Sings)* Good Queen, I'll come another day,
When I can reach his heart.

QUEEN *(Sings)* Dear Cupid, why this delay,
I am ready to do my part.

KING FEZ *(Sings)* My heart is like a stone:
It flashes fire instead of love;
So go your way, my saucy boy,
And try your magic on the dove.

ZENORA *(Sings)* Nay, King, drive him not away,
He may not come again.

BEOTA *(Sings)* Aye, she is right, O King,
Your folly may cause you pain.

CROCUS *(Sings)* Heed the words of wisdom, O King,
Before it is too late.

QUEEN *(Sings)* Heed our words, O King,
Purge your heart of hate.
Whisper to me words of love
Before it is too late.

[illegible] and [illegible] among the millionaires than among kings, [illegible] are, upon us you are made [illegible].

[illegible] Shows little [illegible] pity you, sister.

[illegible] Yes, I [illegible] arrow! The King's hound is of marble, a fit [illegible] stone for monument.

[illegible] A most pugnacious little fairy, and yet I would drink to his health.

[illegible] (Sings) Little Cupid, king of love,
Be not quarrelsome, we pray;
Come from thy throne above,
And banish all sorrow away.
Smile upon the King and me,
Fire our hearts with love,
Keep the tears from our eyes,
Chase away all our sighs.

[illegible] (Sings) Good Queen, I'll come another day,
When I can reach his heart.

[illegible] (Sings) Dear Cupid, why this delay,
I am ready to do my part.

[illegible] (Sings) My heart is like a stone:
It pushes fire instead of love;
So go your way, my sassy boy,
And try your magic on the dove.

[illegible] (Sings) Nay, King, drive him not away,
He may not come again.

[illegible] (Sings) Aye, she is right, O King,
Your folly may cause you pain.

[illegible] (Sings) Heed the words of wisdom, O King,
Before it is too late;

[illegible] (Sings) Heed our words, O King,
Purge your heart of hate.
Listen to the words of love
Before it is too late.

KING FEZ *(Sings)* Go! Have I not said the word?
Am I to be coaxed and driven?
Am I to be like a caged bird,
Take that which is given?
Am I to be denied my freedom,
In this, my own kingdom?
Hush! No more of this
Or a King's vengeance you'll feel.
Hush! No more of this,
Or your fates you'll seal.

QUEEN *(Sings)* O King, I kneel to thee, *(Kneels)*
Pray listen before too late.

CUPID *(Sings)* He is blind and cannot see;
I no longer can wait.

BEOTA, ZENORA, CROCUS *(Sing as Trio.)*
Let her not plead in vain,
She is your wife without a stain.
She loves you as the day you were wed;
Do not tell us that your love is dead.

KING FEZ *(Sings)* Away! Away! I say!
Ere hell is to pay.

(Bugle call mingled with cries of mob.)

CRIES WITHOUT Rebellion! Rebellion! Down with the King! Down with the King!

(Enter Punk in haste.)

PUNK Flee! Flee, birdies! Flee, for the people have their scalping knives out and clamor for that of his royal highness as a starter.

(Exit all but King Fez, Queen and Punk.)

KING FEZ Never will I flee from my own.

PUNK Prince Yoko has handed you a lemon.

KING FEZ Do you mean that he has turned traitor?

PUNK He don't call it that. You see, he is after your job and to get it, has soured the good common people on you.

KING FEZ Is it he who leads the rabble?

PUNK He is too wise for that.

KING FEZ The base wretch! After I have made him powerful, given him wealth, he would crush me. The ingrate!

QUEEN To arms! To arms! To arms, my lord! Often have you met the enemy! Often have they fallen before you. To arms, save yourself and your kingdom!

KING FEZ Ah, precious, you are my strong arm when in trouble. *(Kisses her)* *(Exit the King.)*

QUEEN It is only war, horrible war, that will open the King's eyes.

PUNK Or close them, one or the other. *(Enter Yoko in disguise.)*

YOKO Love within, war without. A gallant king is King Fez.

PUNK 'Tis the devil in disguise.

QUEEN What! You, Prince Yoko! You here like a thief!

YOKO Why not call me traitor? Pshaw! I hope you are not true to the man you call your husband after the insults he has heaped upon you. If so, you are a jewel wife.

PUNK That's it, the more a woman is abused, the better she likes it.

QUEEN Prince Yoko, how dare you talk so? Leave my presence! Leave this instant, or I will call the King.

(Yoko laughs. Queen goes to the window and looks without. Without are the cries of rabble, groans, etc., as if fighting.)

QUEEN The King leads! They flee! They flee! They flee before him!

YOKO *(Looking out the window.)* Curse him! That drunken dog is turning defeat into victory! My general is a coward! Damn him! He deserves to lose his head!

PUNK Better look out for your own. *(Exit Punk and Yoko.)*

QUEEN Oh! Oh! They have fired the temple! *(Light of flames without.)* War! War! War is awful; it is terrible, for in one short hour the work of ages is destroyed.

(Enter Crocus, Zenora, Beota and others.)

It is too much for that.

Eric. The boy *Mordred*! After I have made him powerful, given him wealth, he would wield me. The bastard!

Ex. To arms! To arms! To arms, my lords! Often have you met the enemy! Often have they fallen before you. To arms, save yourself and your kingdom!

Ex. Ah, precious, you are my strong man when in trouble. (*Kisses him*) (*Exit with Eric.*)

Ex. It is only man, horrible man, that will open the King's eyes.

Ex. Or close them, one on the other. (*Gwen, Helen in disguise*)

Ex. Here within, left without. A gallant King is King Lear.

Ex. 'Tis the devil in disguise.

Ex. *Mordred*! Gwen! Friends! Your face like a shield.

Ex. Why not call me traitor? *Mordred*! I hope you are not true to the man you call your husband after the insults he has heaped upon you. If so, you are a proud wife.

Ex. That's all the more. A woman is abused, the better she likes it.

Ex. Prince Yorc, how dare you talk so? Leave my presence! Leave this instant, or I will call the King.

Ex. Jeroglis. (*Gwen goes to the window and looks outward. Without are the cries of rabble, jeering, etc., as if quieting.*)

Ex. The King hands! They fled! They fled! They fled before him!

(*Leaning out the window.*) (*Cries loud.*) "That drunken dog is coming upon infuriated people. Fly, general is a coward! Cheer up! Desertion is lost his head!

Ex. Better look out for your own. (*Exit Yorc and Eric.*)

Ex. (*Sol.*) Oh! They have the Gwen temple! (*Shouts of Mordred within.*) *Voice.* "Mordred! Mordred is alive!" Mordred is terrible for in one short hour the work of ages is destroyed.

(*Enter Gwen, Kingard, Regin and others.*)

CROCUS *(Looking out the window.)* Ye Gods! The King gives no quarter, and strews death right and left.

ZENORA Oh! Oh! The rebels are penned into the temple like rats in a trap.

(Lights as of burning building without, also cries.)

(In the rear of stage, the following song is sung by mob:)

Though the tyrant's hand has laid us low,
  The seed of liberty has been sown,
Which will flourish, which will grow,
  To hurl the tyrant from his throne.
Freedom's seed can ne'er be killed,
  Liberty's cry can ne'er be stilled;
It makes the hearts of cowards strong,
  Will make men strive to right a wrong,
Will breed all men, not a knave,
  Will shame the traitor to his grave.
Liberty, liberty, love and freedom,
  All we ask for our children.

(While mob sings the above, the following dialogue ensues on stage.)

QUEEN These revolutionists are mad fanatics, and, I believe, would sacrifice their lives for their fanciful principle.

ZENORA 'Tis tyranny that breeds revolutionists.

QUEEN Ah, yes, they have cause for complaint, but they should not be so impatient, for it takes time to right a wrong. When the King is himself, he has a good, kind heart. He wishes to govern justly.

BEOTA He will today lose many who might have been loyal subjects.

CROCUS Tush ! Tush! This mob must be annihilated. We must show no mercy.

ZENORA The base Yoko is the leading spirit of this rebellion, but he is shrewd enough to save himself. 'Tis a pity that a man with the talents he possesses should put them to such base uses. *(Singing Ceases.)*

QUEEN Oh! Oh! This is awful! The temple is about to fall.

ALL The people are entrapped! Oh! Oh!

(Lights of burning building collapsing, mingled with cries and groans.)

(Enter Yoko, undisguised.)

YOKO The rebellion is at an end and the King is victorious. All hail to the King!

QUEEN Are my eyes deceiving me? *(Enter King Fez and Punk.)*

PUNK Prince Yoko, you certainly have the nerve of a porcupine.

YOKO *(Strikes Punk.)* Take that, you fool!

KING FEZ Hold! By what authority do you strike my servant?

PUNK You'll get a receipt for this.

YOKO I have been most loyal, most noble King.

PUNK A most loyal traitor!

YOKO Adieu, most noble King. *(Starts to leave.)*

KING FEZ Seize the traitor.
(Crocus seizes Yoko.)

YOKO By what authority am I taken prisoner?

KING FEZ By the authority of your king.

YOKO And for what reason?

KING FEZ Let your conscience tell you, traitor.

YOKO 'Tis false! I am no traitor. You have been deceived by conniving maids and fools.

KING FEZ Ungrateful dog! To add insult to your crime! *(With a sudden twist Yoko strikes down Punk, breaks from Crocus and escapes.)* Death to the traitor! Half my kingdom for his capture! By the gods, you shall sweat blood for this!

ALL *(Cry)* He escapes!

PUNK To be caught in hell.

KING TO CROCUS Your head for this.
CROCUS I'm not to blame.
PUNK It's no one else.
(To be sung as a trio, same melody, each pointing to the other.)

[illegible] Rebellion! is an act against the King is treason, and [illegible]
Kings!

I'm sorry it is displeasing me. (Seeing the [illegible])

Prince Vortigern, your cousinly love deserves of a proclamation.

(Sighs.) Gentle Edith, shall you look?

Edith. By what authority do you strike my servant?

You'll get a receipt for this.

I have been ever loyal, most noble King.

I most loyal traitor.

Nobles, most noble King. (Stands to leave.)

Seize the traitor.

(Guards seize Edith.)

By what authority am I taken prisoner?

By the authority of your King.

And for what reason?

Let your conscience tell your traitor.

'Tis false! I am no traitor. You have been deceived by some [illegible] [illegible] and fools.

Impertinent dog! To add insult to your animal! (Kicks [illegible] [illegible] Take away [illegible] Death to the traitor! Hail my kingdom for his [illegible] [illegible] By the gods, you shall [illegible] enough for this!

(Exit.) He escapes.

Pursue the knight to hell.

Traitors. Vortigern! [illegible]

I am not to blame.

It's no one else.

KING TO CROCUS You are to blame.
PUNK TO CROCUS Of course he is
CROCUS TO PUNK He is to blame.

(To be sung as a trio, same melody, pointing to each other as indicated.)

(The following is to be sung as a trio, each carrying his own words to same melody, all in confusion.)

KING
How dared you let that dog escape
To turn my work to naught.
How dared you let that dog escape,
Who now cannot be caught.

QUEEN
Oh King, he did the best he could,
And he is not to blame.
Oh King, he did the best he could,
And it is not your shame.

CROCUS
I held him long as I could,
I'll smite him hard ere long;
I held him long as I could,
I'll make right the wrong.

(Trio, same as foregoing.)

ZENORA
Oh King, we pray you for mercy,
Crocus is not to blame;
Oh King, we pray you for mercy,
Your work is not in vain.

PUNK
That guy, he thinks he's awful wise,
And now is leaking tears;
That guy, he thinks he's awful wise,
You ought to pull his ears.

BEOTA
Be not harsh, for all is well,
He did the best he could;
No harm has come to anyone,
And all his turned to good.

(Enter chorus girls singing; fall at feet of King.)

Oh Time, we pray you for pardon,
Groans is not to honour
Oh Time, we pray you for mercy,
Your work is not in vain.

That very lie thinks he is a noble man
And now is lacking reason
That very lie thinks he is a noble man
Yet unfit to call his name.

Be not hasty, for all is well,
He did, he did he would
To burn down and to rebuke
A friend his friend to good.

CHORUS Victorious is our King,
  Glorious is his name,
His praises we sing,
  For great is his fame.
Kings fall at his feet,
  Hail him as King of Kings.
Sing of his praises,
  As each a token brings.

(CURTAIN.)

Act 2

SCENE IN THE PALACE GARDENS.

OPENING CHORUS We strew the way with garlands
For our illustrious King,
Who hath destroyed the rebels
Ere they had chance to sting;
He put them to an early flight,
Restored the land to peace;
They hail him now as master,
And pray that strife may cease.

We strew the way with garlands
For our illustrious King,
Who hath returned victorious,
And wealth and glory brings.
He hath dethroned all monarchs
Who at his feet doth fall,
And hail him as their master,
For he hath conquered all.

(Enter the King and Punk.)

KING FEZ 'Tis said that in wine there is truth, but I say that it contains happiness. *(Holds a goblet of wine before him, and others do the same.)* Drink heartily, drink often, drink to the glory of your king! *(They drink.)* This wine revives my sluggish blood and makes it run through my veins as in my youth. Ha! Ha! We must have more music, that which tickles the soul and makes it laugh, and move the shapely feet of these maidens, that I may see their shapely forms to best advantage. Hey, day! Let us sing, dance and be merry.

(He Sings) I love to trod the forest wilds
And hunt its beasts of prey,
To meet the tiger face to face
At early break of day;

Act I

SCENE IN THE PALACE GARDENS.

Song (Chorus). We adore the very ground we tread
For our illustrious King,
Who hath dazzled the rebels
Into lady dance to sing;
He put them to an early flight,
Restored the land to peace;
They hail him now as monarch,
And pray that eight may cease.

We adore the very earth we tread
For our illustrious King,
Who hath conquered victorious,
And wealth and glory brings,
He hath dethroned all miseries
Who at his feet doth fall,
We hail him as their master,
For he hath conquered all.

(Enter the King and Frank.)

King Fer. 'Tis said that in wine there is truth, but I say that it contains hippocrasy. (Aside.) And I say wine before wine, and others do the same. (Drink heartily, drink often, drink to the glory of our king! (Blow drink.) This wine revives my sluggish blood and makes it run through my veins as in my youth. Ha! Ha! We must have more music that wakes the soul and makes it dance. I have see their simply love to see of these maidens, that I may see their simply sports to best advantage. Hey, day! Let us sing, dance and be merry.

(Song.) I love to rend the forest wide
And hunt its beasts of prey,
To meet the fiery face to face
At early break of day.

To dare the lion in his den
And hear his angry roar,
And as he makes his murderous spring,
Engage him in close war.

PUNK *(Sings)* He one time was a sport
And carried a big gun,
Then he met a bull dog
That put him on the run.
It tore his Sunday pants,
And scared him out of his wits,
And when he met his wife,
She certainly gave him fits.

CHORUS GIRLS Why?

PUNK *(Sings)* Because it cost so much.

CHORUS GIRLS A mighty hunter is our king,
With fame both far and near,
Who never from a foe did flee,
Nor man nor beast did fear;
Who dares the lion in his den
And meets the angry boar,
And lays them meekly at his feet
When they engage in war.

PUNK *(Sings)* 'Tis said he was a plunger,
And always after game,
Those shrewd sort of fellows,
That would bring to him great fame.
They taught him how to booze
And play with bulls and bears,
And soon he heard some news
That filled him full of cares.

CHORUS GIRLS Why?

PUNK *(Sings)* Because he lost so much.

CHORUS GIRLS Bring forth the laurel wreath
And crown him victorious;
Bring forth the olive branch
And prove him illustrious,

(During singing laurel wreath is placed upon his head.)

For he is the victor
Whose praises are sung,
Whose courage is the highest,
And whose enemies are undone.

PUNK *(Sings)* He used to set the pace
For all the sports in town,
Do the latest stunts
And never wear a frown,
Flirt with all the girls,
And take in every hop;
But when they talked of marriage,
He always had to stop.

CHORUS GIRLS Why?

PUNK *(Sings)* Because they talked too much.

(Exit all but King, singing.)

CHORUS Because it cost so much:
An excuse men now make.
Because he lost so much:
A story wives do hate.
Because she talked too much:
Why men stay out so late.

KING FEZ Ye fools! To glory in your own downfall. 'Tis more like me to be king of drones than king of kings. Yet such is life. I was born great, and fools do love to toddy to my whims for a beggarly crust of flattery that I might throw to them, like the housewife doth the hungry dog. All my doings the people gape in awe, each word I utter, though it be the most foolish, is great in their eyes, and then like poll parrots do imitate me, making monkeys of themselves. Ha! Ha! I must laugh at their stupidity, but must do it in my sleeve, for should the monkeys see me, it might set them thinking, and then hell would be to pay. *(Exit the King.)*

(Enter Zenora and Beota.)

ZENORA Oh, that we could escape from this wickedness!

BEOTA A base court.

ZENORA I pity the queen.

BEOTA Poor thing, she weeps night and day, while the King makes merry with other women. I fear to stay here longer.

ZENORA I fear none but this wicked Rabmag, who now wears the mantle of Yoko. Last night the villian forcibly threw his arms about me. Each time he meets me he becomes more bold, and but for the hope that Providence would find me a way of escape your friend Zenora would even now be no more.

BEOTA *(Throws her arms about Zenora's neck.)* Dear one, don't worry. Place your trust in Providence, which will protect you.

ZENORA Yet I feel deserted.

BEOTA I am your friend and companion, so let us bear our troubles together. Our lot might be worse—for the Queen is kind—and were it not for the base Rabmag we could be happy. Dearest, think what so many of our sisters must suffer.

ZENORA Yes, yes, it is wrong for me to complain, and were it not for this wicked Rabmag I would be happy.

BEOTA Hist! Listen!

ZENORA See, yonder! *(Pointing.)* 'Tis Yoko. He must be mad to return here, into the jaws of death, as it were. Yet he never did fear man, beast or devil.

BEOTA And yonder comes that base Rabmag. Come, let us hide in these shrubs.

ZENORA Aye, and quick, for I do not wish that villian to see me. *(They hide. Enter Yoko and Rabmag from opposite directions.)*

RABMAG *(As they meet)* What! By the gods, if it ain't Yoko, the traitor! *(Rabmag springs upon Yoko.)* Dog, you have come to your death! *(They fight with daggers, and struggle in silence except that Rabmag uses the words traitor, dog and villian occasionally. Finally Yoko stabs Rabmag.)*

YOKO *(As Rabmag falls)* May such be the fate of all monsters! *(Wipes his dagger.)* I have been most fortunate, for none have seen me here and this villian's death will remain a mystery. This place looks natural, and by the looks of things the old King must have been having a high old time. *(Stoops and looks at Rabmag.)* He wears

his scowl even in death. Ah, 'tis fortunate that dead men tell no tales. I must be moving, for if I should be caught I'd soon be in Heaven throwing stars at that devil in fiery hell. Adieu, Rabmag, the fool King will now be compelled to get a successor for both of us, but I'll wager that when he hears of your death he'll be seeing something worse than snakes. *(Exit Yoko.)*

(Beota and Zenora come from their hiding places.)

BEOTA Let us hasten from this murderous place.

ZENORA Now that Rabmag has met justice all maidens can rejoice.

BEOTA You must not gloat over the dead.

ZENORA True, forgive me if I seem unduly elated. I told you that Prince Yoko feared no one.

BEOTA Ah! I often thought that you had a secret admiration for Yoko. La! La! If you are not careful he will steal you to his hiding place in the mountains, and I rather imagine you would like it, if he first consented to see a priest.

ZENORA Beota! Beota! How can you talk that way? Have I not shunned him?

BEOTA Oh, yes, but I imagine Prince Yoko knows how to read hearts, and he probably knows yours better than you know it yourself. Outward conduct don't deceive him, for you know that the lover reads deeper, scratches away the cover, and if there is any love there is sure to find it.

ZENORA Hush! You have no reason to talk so. You admit he is brave.

BEOTA None will deny that; and it takes a brave man to win your love.

ZENORA Ugh! That horrible body! Come, let us get away from it, for it makes me shiver. And, Beota, I want you to make me a promise.

BEOTA What is it?

ZENORA That we keep secret what we have seen this night and not let it be known that Yoko is in the city.

BEOTA I promise. I promise. But, Oh, dear me, Yoko has the fairest and truest *disinterested* girl acting—

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

ZENORA Come! Come! Quick, footsteps are approaching. *(Exit Zenora and Beota. Enter drunken soldiers.)*

FIRST SOLDIER *(Sings)*

Many battles have we fought,
And we came conquerors home;
We engaged the enemy hand to hand,
We heard the dying groan,
We passed the wine to parched lips,
We saw the vacant stare,
We praised their deeds of valor
As their lips grew cold in prayer.

CHORUS

And yet we are a jolly lot,
Without a pain or care,
And love to sip a bit of wine
And flirt with maidens fair;
And love to sip a bit of wine
And flirt with maidens fair.

SECOND SOLDIER *(Sings)*

Many battles have we fought
On plains and foreign shore;
Many victories were dearly bought
On fields of awful gore;
We held the foe by the hand
When he was true and brave,
And listened to his dying words,
Then laid him in his grave.

1ST SOLDIER Ho! Ho! We must again drink to our healths.

2D SOLDIER And to the girls we love best.

3D SOLDIER An old sweetheart of mine told me that she wished I had either left my bones on some field of battle or the maids I make merry with.

2D SOLDIER Bully for her; let us drink to her health. *(As he drinks stumbles over Rabmag's body and falls against companions.)*

1ST SOLDIER Has the wine stolen your legs and the maid your brains?

2D SOLDIER Not so. But what is this? *(Looks at body.)* Ye gods! 'Tis Rabmag!

1ST SOLDIER 'Tis Rabmag, and dead!

3D SOLDIER Unless it is his ghost. *(Stoops and looks at body.)* Stabbed through the heart, and a clean and masterly stroke it was.

2D SOLDIER Evidently a fight. Here *(Pointing)* are evidences of a struggle. Here is a dagger still in his hand.

1ST SOLDIER I'll wager that a woman was at the bottom of it.

2D SOLDIER Why?

1ST SOLDIER See these footsteps?

3D SOLDIER There must have been two of them; find these women and the truth will be known.

2D SOLDIER His death'll not cause one heartache. Indeed, I know some who will rejoice.

1ST SOLDIER Have a care. A looseness of the tongue has hung more than one man. We agree with you, but roll our words in our mind's eye, where they can do no harm, and on the day of the funeral we shall weep and wail with happy hearts.

2D SOLDIER You're wise, yet an honest, open confession is good for the heart, and if we are liable to lose our hearts for that, why then we can do the next best thing: we can do a little cussin' and envy the fellow who did that job.

3D SOLDIER You think quite loud, and if it should be heard by others—

2D SOLDIER Then woe to our beloved heads. Well, here goes; now watch me weep and get mad. *(Blows a bugle, then cries at the top of his voice.)* Murder! Murder! Murder! *(A mob begins to gather.)*

3D SOLDIER Back! Back! A foul murder! By the gods, someone will pay for this. Come comrades! Help me carry our good ruler to the palace Chase this mob out of here. These are the palace grounds.

(Enter Punk.)

PUNK *(As some carry body and others drive back the mob.)*
It's the undertaker's turn now.
He'll pickle him and he'll tickle him,
He'll fit him out in a nice box coat.
He'll give him a shave, lay him in his grave,
Send him to hell on a billy goat.

Then when he gets through with his estate,
He and the lawyer'll have an Irish wake.

(Enter Yoko disguised.)

Tut! Tut! Yoko, you can fool everybody but a fool. I suppose you are after Rabmag's scalp. No? Well if you want to deceive your enemies you ought to wear a monkey's face.

YOKO — I am not Yoko.

PUNK — Then we'll cut off your head and see. Come, my good fellow, that is the way to prove it.

(Enter Crocus, the general.)

CROCUS — I thought I heard some words concerning Yoko. In fact, I swear I heard his voice.

PUNK — Nay, Nay. It was Yoko's ghost.

CROCUS — *(Takes hold of Yoko and looks into his face.)* Disguised! The real live Yoko disguised, or I'm a fool.

PUNK — I'm not denying that you are a fool, noble Crocus, so we'll not argue that point. But Yoko is dead, for it has been so decreed by the court and is so recorded in the books. The court has said he was dead, and dead he must be. He's dead whether he is alive or dead, for the court has so decreed and that is the end of him.

CROCUS — As a loyal subject I ought to deliver you up to my soldiers. I ought to raise the alarm.

PUNK — And bring yourself into contempt of court. Aye, you are a bigger fool than I had thought. You might say that he went to hell, and that the devil wouldn't have him and sent him back.

CROCUS — Stop, you fool. I am talking to Yoko, not you.

YOKO — Well, well, noble Crocus, do your duty, and be done with this business.

CROCUS — Dead men tell no tales.

YOKO — Why hesitate to turn your dogs loose upon me?

PUNK — Because he'd make a live corspe of you, and you'd take first money on the race.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

CROCUS *(Strikes Punk.)* Take that, you fool, for I'll have none of your interruptions or foolishness.

PUNK If I was a fighting man I'd make you look cross-eyed. But it is the simple life for me.

CROCUS Then get out of here.

PUNK I'll go, but I'll send my ghost back to you.

CROCUS Remember, you are to say naught about Yoko.

PZ&æ No, No! I'll think aloud so some woman can hear.

CROCUS Go! I say, and as you value your life let none know that Yoko is here.

PUNK Ha! Ha! A pair of knaves after a ten spot, and Crocus holds the trumps. Oh, what he will do to you, my dear Yoko, will be something good and plenty. *(Exit Punk.)*

CROCUS As I was saying, I am not to be fooled, Prince Yoko, and do not wish to bury with you the secret of the hiding place of your wealth.

YOKO I have no wealth.

CROCUS Be reasonable, my friend, or you might loose your head. My eyes have been open though my tongue has been quiet. In fact, my friend, if you have no wealth, off goes your head; if you have a goodly portion and will be generous, I'll arrange for you to remain here in disguise, or escape as you wish.

YOKO You rascal, you are giving me back a dose of my own medicine.

CROCUS Exactly, you taught me the trick and now I have turned it upon you.

YOKO Aye, aye, we are all grafters when we get a chance. But, my dear Crocus, I am willing to take a dose, but you must be reasonable and not ask for impossibilities.

CROCUS Tomorrow I will meet you at my home. Abide here until I call off the suspecting watch dogs. Adieu. Remember, tomorrow night at the north door of my palace. *(Exit Crocus.)*

YOKO Everybody is after money. Some men will sell their souls for money, their honor—everything they have. Bah! *(Enter Zenora.)* Ye gods! Each day the Princess Zenora grows more beautiful. I never have beheld her equal. Her eyes are the lights to her soul. *(She passes him.)* Fair Princess—

ZENORA Sir! Have you not made a mistake?

YOKO *(Throws off disguise.)* We are not strangers.

ZENORA 'Tis the Prince.

YOKO Yes, Princess Zenora. It is I, and I have risked all to see you.

ZENORA I should think that Rabmag's ghost would keep you from this place.

YOKO Surely you do not think me a murderer?

ZENORA At the time that you and he met, I and another stood behind yon wooden god. We saw him spring upon you, the struggle and how he died.

YOKO Enough! Enough! I did not murder the man but merely defended myself, and so I beg of you to be charitable. Ah, I wish that you had not seen the act, for you might misjudge me.

ZENORA Whatever my opinion is of you should not give you the least concern.

YOKO Your opinion of me is everything to me. You know that a price is upon my head, and that if captured I would be slaughtered like an ox. You know that in yonder mountains I would be safe; but life to me without a sight of your good face is nothing. Something draws me toward you; that something led me down those rocky paths, over wild streams and angry torrents, and through the streets of this wicked city in safety to your presence. Here have I been in hiding, waiting for you, waiting for one kind word from you, dodged the bloodhounds so eager to trounce upon me. In fact, I have dared every danger for this one moment. Zenora, can you now see what your opinion is to me: that it is everything, my very life, as it were?

ZENORA I am nothing to you, and never can be.

YOKO — You are everything to me, for I love you more than I do my own life. I will not always be a fugitive, and some day will regain my power.

ZENORA — Your wickedness will forever stand between us, so leave me I pray you. *(Enter a priest.)*

PRIEST — Peace and love be with you, my children. *(Looks at Yoko.)* 'Tis Prince Yoko! You are reckless, my son, and your secrets should not be told aloud, for perchance others may hear.

YOKO — I thought we were alone.

PRIEST — Your secret is safe, my son. As to the killing, it was justifiable. I have been watching you and I find you sincere, and I believe that you henceforth intend to follow the path of righteousness. For this reason we should not betray you. The fruits of sin are death, so never fear to do right. Find you a friend, one whom you can trust, so that in times of trouble he can counsel and assist you. Be true, true to yourself, for that is one of the keys to success in life.

YOKO — I want you for a friend. I want the Princess Zenora for a friend, for she is like the purest of gems among the mass of womanhood. She is the one woman whom I love, and—

ZENORA — 'Tis neither the time nor place to talk of such matters. To me they are most unpleasant.

YOKO — Forgive me, fair Princess. Forgive me, for I meant no wrong. *(Enter Punk.)*

PUNK — *(Aside.)* Ah, ha! So it is a woman that has brought Prince Yoko back. I always thought that he was a pretty hard-shelled chap, but when a man is in love, the woman can make a monkey of him and he not know it.

YOKO — *(To the Priest.)* Try and have this fair Princess think well of me.

PUNK — *(Aside.)* So he is telling his troubles to a preacher. He is a back number, for now they tell them to a policeman.

PRIEST — Son, you can do that much better than I can. Hark! Someone is coming.

PUNK — It's only me, Yoko, so there is no need for you to crawl into a hole and pull it in after you.

YOKO Tut! Tut! Man, I wasn't thinking of running away.

PUNK No, there is no danger, so long as that fair magnet holds you.

YOKO You carry your jests too far, sir.

PUNK But no woman has a string to me, my dear Yoko.

PRIEST This is no time to joke. It is a serious matter, my friend.

PUNK You bet, marriage is a serious business. It's two dollars for a license, and no telling what the bill for alimony will be. It's like a game of poker—all chance—and as I don't play poker I'm not going to get married, for the good book says that gambling is wrong, and as marriage is a gamble, it's wrong to get married.

PRIEST My dear friend, it is wrong for you to talk so.

PUNK You wouldn't think so if you got thrown overboard as often as I have.

PRIEST You are irredeemable, my friend.

PUNK You bet I am, although no pawnbroker has me in hoek.

YOKO *(To Punk.)* For once in your life, be serious, my friend. I, as you know, know you well, and I have learned that you are not as big a fool as you would have us believe.

PUNK Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, you take a fool's advice and get out of here as fast as your legs will carry you, for his royal nibs has got it in his noodle that you are after his scalp, and that it was you who put the finishing touches to Rabmag. He's next, all right, and is most scared out of his boots, and is keeping an army and an arsenal between him and the back door. Indeed, he's not in any danger of catching cold from open doors and windows.

PRIEST Yoko, be wise and leave this place.

YOKO Zenora—

ZENORA Go—Go, before it is too late.

YOKO I go, but I come again. *(Exit Yoko.)*

PUNK The old boy must have it pretty bad when he leaks tears. *(Exit Punk.)*

ZENORA Father, ought I to forgive Prince Yoko?

PRIEST Aye, if you would be happy, child.

ZENORA I do pity him.

PRIEST And pity often fathers love.

ZENORA Surely you do not think I could love Prince Yoko after what he has done?

PRIEST The whims of love are often strange; in fact, quite unaccountable. This much I believe, and that is that Prince Yoko is a changed man, and what goodness he has he owes to you. Should he find that you are lost to him, I believe that he would become a demon incarnate and turn the wrath of hell loose. We know that he is by far the most able man in the kingdom, and that he has many followers and could do no end of mischief. Therefore, daughter, think well.

ZENORA Father, I'll follow your advice.

PRIEST I must go now, daughter. If in doubt, do not hesitate to come to me for counsel. Adieu, daughter. Adieu. *(Exit Priest.)*

ZENORA *(Sings.)* When I was sweet sixteen,
Not so long ago,
I was perfectly contented
With just one boyish beau.
The down was yet upon his face,
He was bashful as could be,
Yet gave me to understand
He thought a lot of me.

CHORUS Sixteen, sixteen, not so long ago,
The day I was contented
With just one boyish beau.
Sixteen, sixteen, not so long ago,
Yet long enough to regret
Of having flirted so.

When I was just eighteen
  I thought I knew it all,
With a dozen or more lovers
  All at my beck and call.
One I played against the other,
  For I thought it very pert,
But soon I got the name
  Of being an awful flirt.

Now I'm five and twenty,
  With a ninny for a beau,
And as for real, true men,
  They treat me as a foe,
They say I am an awful flirt,
  And would make an awful wife;
That the man who gets me
  Will lead a strenuous life. *(Enter Beota)*

BEOTA Dear Princess, I have been looking everywhere for you. Indeed, what brings you to this secluded place. *(Enter King, unseen.)*

ZENORA I wish to escape the King.

BEOTA Isn't it awful the way he acts? I pity the Queen, for her fickle husband gives her no end of trouble.

KING FEZ *(Aloud.)* Ho! Ho! Do you blame me for being in love? Especially with such beauties so near at hand?

ZENORA You have a good and noble Queen, and you must love her. *(Enter Queen, unseen.)*

KING FEZ Bah! My heart is big enough to love others besides her. You are most fair. *(Catches Zenora in his arms, who struggles to free herself. Finally she scratches him.)* Vixen! By the gods, you shall not escape me! *(Kisses her. She breaks from him.)*

ZENORA Shame to you! Have you no respect for yourself? Go to your Queen!

KING FEZ You pretty fool, to refuse the embraces of your King. You shall come to your senses when I have you plunged into a dungeon. *(Again catches her.)* Kiss me if you would escape prison.

ZENORA *(Tearing from him.)* You shall not defile me, base one. You are unworthy to be king, and are worse than the cattle of the field.

KING FEZ *(In rage.)* By the gods, you shall pay for this. I'll have your tongue cut out, you saucy beauty. *(Again catches her.)* Kiss me or feel my vengeance.

QUEEN *(Rushing upon them.)* Shame to you, King! Free the maiden! Would you commit this baseness before my eyes?

KING FEZ *(Releasing Zenora.)* Curse you all! Know you not that I am King and am privileged to do as I will? By the gods! I'll imprison you all before the sun again sets. I shall teach you not to interfere with my pleasures.

QUEEN *(To Zenora.)* You huzzy! You who pretend to be my friend, then endeavor to steal the love of my husband. Begone! Begone from my sight!

ZENORA *(Falls on her knees before the Queen.)* Oh, Queen, I pray you hear me for I have done no wrong.

QUEEN Do you mean that the King has done the wrong? 'Tis a lie, deceitful one! You intended to steal his love, otherwise he never would have noticed you. With your pretty face you would rob me of the love of my husband, then tell me that the blame is his! Leave me, I say!

ZENORA Oh, noble Queen, I beg you to listen. If you wish, I will disfigure this face. I am innocent of any wrong. You know my idea of life, and I promise that I will take my life before I am forced into becoming—

QUEEN Forced! do you say?

ZENORA Forced or not, I shall never become the plaything of the King, whose love is morally and lawfully yours.

QUEEN Will you swear that you have never given the King any encouragement?

ZENORA I swear it! You have seen all, and must know that neither Beota nor myself have ever directed an improper word or look to the King.

(Reenter the King, unseen.)

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

QUEEN If I give you your freedom will you leave, that the King may never again see you?

ZENORA Yes, gladly.

QUEEN I have done you an injustice, and you are free to leave, and so we will defeat the King—

KING FEZ So you plot to rob me of my pleasures! Ha! Ha! But it is now undone, and none of you can thwart my purpose.

QUEEN If you further attempt to carry out your hellish purpose *(Tears her gown and exposes her breast)* this breast shall reek in blood and your wickedness shall forever haunt you. These maidens shall likewise thwart you, for in death we shall be free and your power over us will be at an end.

KING FEZ Do you realize that your lives are in my keeping and that you should not defy me?

QUEEN True, but I am your wife, and a wife's right I have. Think, 'twas but yesterday that you did pledge your love and devotion to me, and me alone. You are not yourself, and you are not the great King Fez, for he, noble and true, would not talk or act so.

KING FEZ Bah, you would rule me; you would lead me by the nose.

QUEEN No! No!

PUNK *(Enters Singing.)*

No woman can lead me by the nose,
Nor can she tramp upon my toes,
For I can do as I please
Without getting on my knees
And saying, "Dear Wifey, may I?"
So I'll always drive single
And make the money jingle;
I can flirt, I can booze,
I can do as I choose;
I never need lie,
Nor say, "Dear Wifey, may I?"

No woman has a string on me,
That's why I'm so gay and free;
I can do as I please

Without getting on my knees
And saying, "Dear Wifey, may I?"
So I'll never drive double,
For that means trouble;
I can do as I please
Without telling a lie,
Without getting on my knees
And saying, "Dear Wifey, may I?"

KING FEZ A married man can well envy that man.

QUEEN And women consider themselves lucky that none of them have him.

PUNK Your majesties are both right and both wrong.

(Enter Cupid.)

CUPID I have just come from beyond the seas, and have had a glorious time. Two kings and two queens have I shot in the heart, and any number of the nobility, milkmaids, slaves and savages. Oh, where are my fairies? Why do they not come? Will they ever linger with the lovers on the other side of the world?

PUNK Cupid, how much do the lawyers pay you a year for your work?

CUPID A most absurd question, sir.

PUNK Well, if you didn't hitch these couples, the lawyers couldn't unhitch them, could they?

CUPID You never were in love or you wouldn't talk so.

PUNK *(Sings)* There dwells in a far away city
Beside the ocean shore
A woman, sweet and pretty,
Whom I yet adore.
When I told her that I loved her
She fondly pressed my hand,
But her father, who objected,
Took her to a foreign land.
But before she went I saw her
And she vowed that she'd be true,
That she'd send love's messages
By a dear old Cuckoo.

Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo,
To you I still am true;
Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo,
I am waiting, dear, for you.

I hastened across the waters
To find that she had wed,
And my heart sank within me,
And I wished I were dead;
And then I chanced to meet her,
And saw the sadness in her eyes,
And learned that her father
Had forced the marriage ties.
And yet when she left me
I knew she still was true,
For I heard that same sweet message
From that dear old Cuck-oo.

Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo,
All my love is for you;
Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo,
To you I am still true.

Many a day has passed
And my hair is turning gray,
And yet my soul still wanders
Across that ocean bay.
I see her in her sadness,
And know what's in her heart,
And know that duty says
That we must do our part.
But when roaming in the orchard
In the early morning dew
I get a wireless message
Through that dear old Cuck-oo.

Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo,
To you I still am true;
Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo, Cuck-oo,
My love is all for you.

KING FEZ Lucky man! Yet doesn't seem to know what trouble he has escaped.

CUPID *(To King)* I have heard that voice before, but I vow there is no love in it.

KING FEZ *(Attempts to slap Cupid.)* Insolent imp! Luckily you escaped that blow.

CUPID Oh! Oh! Fairies, protect me! Make haste! Make haste!

QUEEN *(Protecting Cupid)* *(Fairies rush in from all sides.)* I will protect you. The King dare not harm you. *(Fairies surround Cupid.)*

KING FEZ Away imps! Away with you!

FAIRY Oh, what a wicked king! We must call the dragons to protect us.

QUEEN Pray spare him. Spare him for my sake.

KING FEZ Bring on your dragons; bring on the devil if you wish. What care I?

FAIRY Have care, sir, for there is no escape from either. In the twinkling of an eye they can change you to nothing.

PUNK Change him into a monkey, for that is what you are making of him.

FAIRY This is the worst place we ever were in.

KING FEZ You are too small to hurt, so I'll let you all escape this time.

CUPID There is a little love in Punk's heart. *(Draws his bow and arrow.)* If his love is as true as my aim, I'll hit it. *(Shoots.)*

PUNK Wow! Wow! Wow! You have hit me in the foot!

CUPID Well, that is where your heart is.

PUNK My heart is in my stomach.

CUPID Yes, that is where the hearts of most men are, but yours is so small, smaller than a pea, and has fallen into your foot.

QUEEN Can you not hit the King's heart, little one.

CUPID 'Tis sad, but he even hasn't a heart in his stomach. It's scattered everywhere; every pretty maid in the kingdom seems to have a piece of it.

PUNK *(Opera)* Love is but a dream and lasts but a day.

QUEEN *(Opera)* O sir, how can you talk that way.

CUPID *(Opera)* A wife, if she is smart,
Can have her own way
By making hubby think
That he is having his say;
She never must defy
But be as good as pie,
And so sly
That she can lead him
Or bleed him
And he not know it,
Then, with a hug and a kiss,
Tell him to go it.

PUNK *(Opera)* And hubby will think he is cock of the walk,
When in truth and in fact he is a fool;
But open his eyes and he's sure to balk,
And be more stubborn than a mule.
Let him think he's drivin' the wagon,
But you pull the lines as you'd have 'em,
Pull the wool over his eyes
And he'll think you quite wise.

CUPID One would think you had some experience, dear Punk.

PUNK Not experience, but the real thing.

CUPID Then tell us about it.

PUNK *(Sings)* I one time had a girl
I thought was very fair
But whom I soon discovered
Wore someone else's hair.
She had a great big muscle
And two or three sets of teeth,
But! It was her glass eye
That quick brought her to grief.
I said, said I—

CUPID Well, what did you say?

ALL IN CHORUS I said, "Skidoo, it's 23 for you.
Go and be made over,
And perhaps then you'll do."

PUNK *(Sings)* And then one day I met
A charming brunette,
One of those dear things
Who loves to play roulette.
She bet on the red
And I bet on the blue,
And it wasn't very long
'Till I was up the flue.
She said, said she—

CUPID Well, what did she say?

ALL IN CHORUS She said, "Skidoo, it's 23 for you
I've got your coin, so
I've no use for you."

PUNK *(Sings)* Then I met a society girl,
One who smoked cigarettes,
Who lay in bed 'till noon,
And had poodles for her pets.
She drank a bit of sherry
And I took gin for tea,
And it wasn't very long
Until I couldn't see.
She said, said she—

CUPID Well, what did she say?

ALL IN CHORUS She said, "Skidoo, it's 23 for you.
If that's all you can stand
The jig is up with you.

PUNK *(Sings)* I one time had a blond
Who wore a great big hat,
Who loved the game called poker,
Which she had down quite pat.
She bet on the ace

And I on the duce,
And before we were through
I saw I was a goose.
She said, said she—

CUPID Well, what did she say?

ALL IN CHORUS She said, "Skidoo, it's 23 for you.
Now as I have your glue
I have no more use for you.

PUNK *(Sings)* I one time had a girl,
As sweet as she could be,
Who wore a lovely curl
Way down unto her knee,
But when I popped the question
And got down at her feet,
She handed me a lemon
And raising from her seat,
She said, said she—

CUPID Well, what did she say?

ALL IN CHORUS She said, "Skidoo, it's 23 for you.
You are a lobster,
So you and I are through.

PUNK *(Sings)* And then I got another,
One with a pretty face,
One of those dear creatures
Who any place would grace.
But when I popped the question
She was worse than the first,
And got to laughing so
I thought that she would burst.
She said, said she—

CUPID Well, what did she say?

ALL IN CHORUS She said, "Skidoo, it's 23 for you.
What you really need
Is a lemon stew.

PUNK *(Sings)* At last I met a girl
I finally made my wife,
And gave her all I had
Excepting my life.
And then I got the marble heart
And things thrown at my head,
And in the following spring
We were no longer wed.
She said, said she.

CUPID Well, what did she say?

ALL IN CHORUS She said, "Skidoo, it's 23 for you.
Now as I have your coin
I have no use for you.

CURTAIN.

Act 3

SCENE—FAIRIES IN WOODLAND.

FAIRY CHORUS

Hark! Hark ye to the wooing,
The coy lily turns its head,
The gallant lover is wooing
The maid he would wed.
Nightingales soar through the skies
Singing, singing, singing so grand
Of pure, true love, love and its ties
That makes joy, joy in the land.

Hark! The King and Queen are wooing
As before their marriage day;
The stars are slyly twinkling
Through the sun's passing ray,
The moon hides in the azure sky,
Winking, blinking, winking so sly,
And yet it smiles, smiles so bland,
For there is joy, joy in the land.

(Enter Punk and Yoko.)

PUNK — Cupid must have been pretty busy here of late, for it seems that everybody is in love with himself, his own girl and everybody else's girl.

CUPID — But, my dear Punk, are you in love, or have you ever been in love?

PUNK — I love every girl here, but they don't seem to know it, for not one even gives me a pleasant look. Yes, I've been in love before, more than a million times. The first girl I had I thought was a peach, but I soon found that she was a lemon. Ah! I shall never forget the last night we were together.

CUPID — Tell me about it.

PUNK It was a beautiful moonlight night
And the stars are brightly twinkling.
The sheep were browsing in the meadows,
And their bells are softly tinkling.
And as we by the winds were fanned
I took her lily-white hand,
Told her that I loved her,
That I wanted her for my wife,
That I'd give her all I had, even my life.
I gazed into her liquid eyes,
Tore my heart loose, threw it at her feet,
Told her that I'd get my life insured,
And make my lap her seat.
But as I talked her lamb-like eyes
Turned into fire,
And in about sixteen seconds
I felt her ire.
She batted me in the jaw,
Pulled my hair,
Then, like an angry cat,
Gave me an awful stare,
And I lay paralyzed,
And in the following morning
By the doctors was analyzed,
Who found within me
The x-ray she gave me,
That it had cooked my liver,
Scortched a lung,
And cooked my gall quite done.
And they tried to patch me up,
But didn't put me together right,
Got my insides mixed up,
And, oh, I was an awful sight!
My ears, my hands and my legs
Stuck out like wooden pegs.
I had a liver for a lung,
A kidney for a tongue,
Wheels were going round in my head,
And they called me bug house
And said I'd better be dead.

And then an old wizzard came,
Took me to his hut,
And he and his old dame
Cut, cut, cut,
Patched me up the best they could,
And here I am.

CUPID Oh, what an awful sad story. Of course, you know you are now in the enchanted land, and all who come here are made perfect?

PUNK That's a new one on me, Mr. Cupid.

CUPID Oh dear, how strange you talk! See this golden arrow. *(Shows it to Punk.)* This is an enchanted arrow, and belonged to a gallant brave, long, long ago, and whenever I shoot it, he and his beautiful squaw come back. Now watch me shoot it, then when they come, I'll make a man of you.

PUNK A man of me? What do you think I am? A squaw?

(Cupid shoots.) *Brrrrrrr*

(An Indian, his Squaw and Braves appear.)

PUNK That's great! Now let us have a war dance.

(Brave and his Squaw sing as indicated.)

BRAVE Big Chief Crow, he is an Indian,
I'm an Indian, too;
In his wigwam dwelt Wenonah,
Whom I longed to woo;
So I donned my eagle feathers,
Took my tomahawk,
Decked my face in many colors,
Started on a walk
'Cross the woodland and the prairie
Where Wenonah, sweet and merry,
Sat a'weaving in her wigwam
Strings of blue and dainty wampum;
Sat a'weaving in her wigwam
Strings of blue and dainty wampum.

[illegible] and [illegible],
[illegible] to [illegible]
[illegible] the old [illegible]
[illegible],
[illegible] led me to the east they would,
[illegible] here I am.

[illegible] Oh, what an awful sad story. Of course, you know you are now in the enchanted land, and all who come here are made perfect.

[illegible] That's a new one on me, sir. Gosh!

[illegible] Oh dear, how sad to you but! See this golden arrow. (Aloud.) [illegible] This is an enchanted arrow, that belonged to a gallant [illegible], long ago, and whomever I shoot it to and his bosom [illegible] shot. You watch me shoot it, then [illegible] come, I'll [illegible] of you.

[illegible] What do you think I am? A squirrel? (Aside shoots.) Bravery.

(As Indian, his Squaw and Tavoos appear.)

[illegible] Let's go on; Now let us have a war dance.

(Bang and his Squaw step as indicated.)

[illegible] This Indian from, he is an Indian,
[illegible] Indian too;
In [illegible] Indian da it Wampum,
[illegible] longed to you;
[illegible] boundary eagle fan here,
[illegible] by tomahawk,
Decked my face in many colors,
[illegible] on scalp.
[illegible] the mountains and the prairie
[illegible] Wampum, silver and tobacco,
[illegible] working in her wigwam
[illegible] to play and dance so gaily;
[illegible] in a [illegible]
[illegible] of blue and dainty [illegible].

BRAVE Wenonah! Wenonah!
Won't you be my squaw?
Won't you weave your belts of wampum
In my new and roomy wigwam?
Won't you ride at my side
On my pony as my bride?
Wenonah! Wenonah!
Won't you be my squaw?

SQUAW He who wins me for a squaw
Must be brave and true.
He must fight and win my hand,
He must more than woo.
He must pluck a big chief's feathers;
Like a cunning fox
Steal me way across the prairie
In the mountain rocks.
For in the woodland, o'er the prairie,
I, Wenonah, am to marry;
Am to marry that bad chief,
He who gambled with my father,
Tricked him out of all his wampum,
With Wenonah and her wigwam.

BRAVE Big Chief Crow, he had an Indian,
Had an Indian brave,
Picked out for his sweet Wenonah,
One he thought quite brave.
So he bade him pull my feathers,
Break my tomahawk,
Drive me back across the prairie,
Scare me by big talk.

BRAVE AND SQUAW *(Duet)* In the woodland, near the prairie,
While Wenonah watched and tarried,
There I met that brave in combat,
Where I smote him, smote him hard,
When I carried to my wigwam
Sweet Wenonah and her wampum.

(Duet, each carrying their own words to same melody.)

BRAVE	SQUAW
Wenonah! Wenonah!	Wenonah! Wenonah!
She is now my squaw,	I am now his squaw,
And she weaves her belts of wampum	And I weave my belts of wampum
In my new and roomy wigwam.	In his new and roomy wigwam.
There she sits as my pride	There I sit at his side
With our papoose at her side.	With our papoose as our pride.
Wenonah! Wenonah!	Wenonah! Wenonah!
Forever my squaw.	A true brave's squaw.

PUNK I feel as though I were in dreamland, as though I were soaring through the air; and yet I'm so sleepy, so sleepy—I must lie down.

(Falls in a chair asleep.)

(Fairies encircle him, chanting)

Hist! Hist! Hist!
We now must raise the mist.
Hist! Hist! Hist!
He now the magic has kissed.
Hark! Hark! Hark!
We awake the magic spark.
Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!
We now our roots must stew.
Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!
We are now almost through.

(Punk jumps to his feet, changed into a handsome youth.)

PUNK The ban is raised and I am myself again. The blood of youth again pours through my veins.

(Enter the King.)

CHORUS We have once again by magic conquered,
We have made a youth of age.
Dear old father time we've conquered,
And turned back a century page.

CUPID Ho! Ho! If there ain't King Fez. *(Draws his golden arrow.)* I promised the Queen I'd use the golden arrow on him, so here goes. *(Shoots the King.)* Ha! Ha! Ha! A splendid shot!

KING FEZ I feel as though enchanted.

CUPID You couldn't help but be now.

KING FEZ I feel changed in body and mind. My taste for liquor is gone, and I long for my Queen.

(Sings) *(Queen Enters.)*

Oh, how I long for my love,
The woman of my youth.
Oh, how I long for my Queen,
A queen in fact and truth,
Who is a true and loving wife,
The flower of this land,
The guiding star of my life,
A queen both true and grand.

(Queen sings to same melody.)

Oh, how I longed for your love,
That you would be true.
Oh, how I longed for this day
And our love renew.
I feel now as a perfect queen,
With power of a right
To lean upon my lord and King
When day has lost its light.

(Duet, King and Queen, to same melody.)

Oh, how sweet it is to love,
It is the perfect bliss.
Oh, how sweet it is to be united,
Naught of life to miss.
It is the only road to peace,
The flower of life
That makes a home a heaven on earth,
Makes darkness seem as light.

CHORUS We have once again by magic conquered
And awoke the love of youth.
Dear old Father Time we've conquered,
Made a King in fact and truth.

(Enter Zenora and Beota.)

CUPID I have two arrows left, and I'll not dare to throw them away. Well, here goes. *(Shoots Zenora.)* Ha! Ha! A splendid shot.

(Enter Yoko.)

ZENORA *(To King.)* Noble King Fez, will you pardon a refugee?

KING FEZ As everyone is in love here, I suppose you are no exception, so tell me who is the lucky man, and I'll pardon him, for he can not be very bad if you love him.

ZENORA Prince Yoko.

KING FEZ Well and good.

YOKO Zenora! *(She goes to his arms.)*

CUPID Here is one more arrow, I wonder who that is meant for. Ah, yes. *(Shoots Punk.)* Splendid!

PUNK Beota! *(She goes to Punk and he takes her in his arms.)*

CUPID Well, I've not wasted any time here, that's certain. I have not made a miss.

QUARTET. *(Same melody as previous song.)*

Oh, how sweet it is to love,
It is the perfect bliss.
Oh, how sweet to be united,
Naught of life to miss.
It is the only road to peace,
The joy of a life,
That makes a home a heaven on earth
And banishes all strife.

(High in the rear of the stage appears Father Time, who, during the chorus, gradually changes into a boy with change of scenes.)

CHORUS *(Winter Scene.)*

In the bleak and cold December,
When Boreas is in his prime,
On an ice berg sits an old man
Who is known as Father Time.
By magic we reverse this day
And make the old man young,
That youths and maids may sing
Of the autumn days of fun.

(Autumn Scene.)

In the sweet and fresh October,
  When Boreas is in his hole,
And the ice bergs are a wandering
  Around the great north pole,
When Father Time has lost his beard,
  Is taking off his age,
The youths and maids are dancing
  On a country barn-yard stage.

(Summer Scene.)

When the flowers are a blooming
  We know that summer is here,
That the youths and maids are courting
  Without a trace of fear,
For father is asleep in bed,
  A' dreaming of the days
When he and mother used to court
  Upon the ocean waves.

(Spring Scene.) *(Father Time is now a boy.)*

When the buds are bursting
  We know that spring is here,
That the babes with lambs are playing
  Upon the meadows near.
That mother listens to the birds
  A' singing in the trees,
Yet watches o'er her darling boy
  While gathering sweet peas.

CURTAIN.